

The Sun

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A Dialogue at the Door.

Citizen Outwork, hat in hand, accented the Professor as he came out of Candid House: "I have a wife and four small children."

"You only think you have," said the Professor; "your state is merely psychological."

"I haven't had any work for six months, since the factory—"

"Fie," cried the Professor, taking off his eyeglasses and waving them in a wide gesture of deprecation; "don't you know that non-employment is merely psychological?"

"My wife and children are actually hungry—"

"Nonsense, my dear sir; hunger is merely psychological."

"My brother has just been 'fired' by the X, Y & Z railroad; the railroad people said they had to reduce expenses."

"How ridiculous; expenses of railroads are merely psychological. So is your brother's discharge."

"Professor, will you lend me a dollar? When better times—"

"This is most unbecoming language. What times could be better than these? Times are merely psychological. So is your assumed need of a dollar. Learn to know the need of mankind and to find that need in yourself. Does mankind need money? Do you need money? Then find the money in yourself. Everything but Colonel House and my Mexican policy is merely psychological. Money to a victim of the merely psychological state called 'out of a job' Good-by. I wish you more psychology and a better frame of mind."

Business Before Pleasure.

At a special call of Cupid and in the general interests of genealogy Mr. Roosevelt called yesterday for Europe. The occasion of his expedition is dear to his heart. Good luck to him! It is serious business.

The interesting statement which Mr. Roosevelt left behind him for publication briefly sketches the diversions which he is reserving until after his return. To grapple with the trust question, which President Wilson "has not made the slightest progress in solving," to rescue from jeopardy and distress the small business men of the United States, the farmer and the industrial wage workers, to pass around prosperity, to clean house here in New York State by smashing BARNEY and MURPHY simultaneously, these are a few of the pleasurable activities which Mr. Roosevelt promises to his willing soul.

This is a large contract of fierce joys, but it is not all. With remarkable self-restraint concerning these other and equally enjoyable numbers on the programme, the Progressive chieftain says not one word at present about Mexico, Panama or Colombia.

The Message From the Arctic.

When STEFANSSON'S ship the Karluk was carried out by the drift ice from Cape Barrow last October with Captain ROBERT A. BARTLETT and twenty-five men on board, we speculated that to save themselves they would have to leave the ship and take the risk of finding a winter camp on an island or the mainland, as the Karluk herself was doomed. According to whaling men, only one vessel, the Navard, of more than one hundred ships caught in the drift ice off Point Barrow at the beginning of winter, had escaped destruction or even been held of again. Whaling captains gave BARTLETT and his crew up for lost, maintaining that they would never have the luck to reach land and go into winter quarters. But that is just what they have accomplished, and Admiral PEARY is justified of his faith in the resourcefulness of his old captain. The world will hear another story of heroism in the Arctic wilderness.

"Our ship," says BARTLETT in a telegraphic message from St. Michael, Norton Bay, Alaska, to St. John's, "was lost in January north of Herald Island. We reached the Siberian coast after a hard experience and arrived here. All well." A wireless dispatch to San Francisco from Captain C. T. PEDERSON of the whaling steamship Herman com-

pletes the outline of the story: "Brought Captain BARTLETT from Siberian coast. Karluk wrecked near Herald Island last January. Crew camped Wrangell Island." Such are the bare details. It is plain enough that after the Karluk had drifted for nearly four months in a westerly direction the time had come to take to the ice and establish a camp on Wrangell Island, which on account of its animal life provides ideal winter quarters. From inhospitable Herald Island, which has a small area, the distance is about fifty miles. Wrangell itself being separated from Siberia by Long Strait, 150 miles wide. BARTLETT'S men were marooned with dwindling supplies unless touch was effected with a whaler. The great story of the adventure will be the brave commander's march with his Eskimo companions to the Siberian coast and down and across the peninsula to the shore of Bering Strait. "A hard experience," says BARTLETT, and the telling of it will be worth while.

The marooned men on Wrangell Island will be rescued as soon as there is sea room. With the loss of the Karluk, STEFANSSON, who was hunting on the Cape Barrow shore when she went out in the storm, saw his expedition to discover a "continent" north of Beaufort Sea a failure. The quest will yet be made by him or another, for the men and the money can be found.

The Empress of Ireland Disaster.

The completed tally of the dead of the Empress of Ireland brings no alleviation of the tragedy. The number of victims places the disaster among the worst in the annals of the sea. The loss of women and children, the trapping of so many of the victims in their cabins, adds to the horror. The mind shrinks from creating to itself the scenes of terror and despair that must have filled those few dreadful minutes while the vessel sank.

With fuller news incidents become known which in a certain way break the gloom of the event. There is always inspiration in the assertion of the higher instincts of humanity in such crises. There seems to have been no lack of courage or self-sacrifice in the face of the death that overtook so many. The figure of Captain KENDALL on the bridge, doing his best and inspiring his people to hope, LAURENCE IYING giving up his own life in the vain effort to save his wife and the two going down in each other's arms, Commissioner REES of the Salvation Army sinking with a prayer on his lips, SETON-KARR giving up his life belt to a fellow passenger who was saved—these are a few out of many incidents that enrich the world with high ideals.

So far as can be judged, the Captain of the Empress of Ireland is in no way blameworthy. His vessel was practically at a standstill in the fog. His engines were turning off sufficiently to keep the ship from drifting with the current. Presumably his fog signals were in constant use. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that the Storstad was not steaming at considerable speed. How otherwise could she have had the active force to tear the greater and bigger steamer almost apart from the point of collision? It is to be feared that here again the disaster is the result of that deadliest of all practices, taking a chance.

The disaster is at any rate a strong argument for the double hulled ship, which would be likely in many cases of collision to show greater buoyancy and afford more time for life saving. It will be a sad thing if in the future any new passenger carrying ships of great size are built without the complete inner shell.

Unjust to Easy Street.

In his address to the forthright convention of his episcopal diocese of Newark Bishop EDWIN STEVENS LANES made some interesting animadversions upon the descendants of the "old stock," settled, shall we say, 200 or 250 years or more on these shores. This, sometimes called "the old American stock," must be a highly composite ethnological blend by this time. In New Jersey it might be, in various combinations and permutations, Dutch-Swedish-German-English-Irish-Scottish-Huguenot-Yankee-Quaker and what not. Doubtless many of these sprigs of "ancient" bloods are working with a pick. Many have never become well off. The scions of many who did found their shirt sleeves stage soon. Many of the boldest and the strongest made their way to the West or to this city, now the magnet of talents just as the West was so long the magnet of Eastern energy and adventurous instinct before pioneering was completed and the irresistible centrifugal urban suction had begun to draw.

It is of the foreboding descendants, "living in a good deal of luxury and ease upon money earned by those who went before them," that the Bishop spoke. He sees them "without a very serious and useful purpose (i. e., fashionable) and not contributing much to the world's better life." Is the Bishop's conjecture correct? Is it not rather conspicuously incorrect, a clerical-subjective view rather than a photograph of the fact?

As compared with the days of the fathers, with the brilliant Philadelphia society of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, for example, are not the descendants more humanitarian, more philanthropic, more broadly charitable, more given to a genuine of an initiative pursuit of the supposed happiness of others? A characteristic of the well to do of this age is their enthusiastic ingestion of "causes," their active or contributing part in many forms and associations for the good of the public, for the relief of suffering and poverty, for all sorts of trainings and vocations and helps to all sorts of people. Indeed, a sober philosopher might argue plausibly that there is too much, and sometimes a misdirection or a fustian, of effort for "the world's better life."

Whatever of pretence, of the desire to distract ennu, of mere mundane parrotting and climbing, is in all this, there must be a good deal of "serious and useful purpose." Unfortunately there are persons who can't conceive of a seriousness that doesn't divest itself of all the endearing harmless frivolities and gracious byplay of cultivated and polished intercourse.

Ease, comfort, luxury, have been targets of the ascetic preacher in all times. To accuse Americans, of the old stock or the newer stocks, of materialism is to shut one's eyes to the fact. As a class and by their political action for some years they have shown their irrepressible idealism, romanticism and sentimentalism. If they kept it long enough the luxury which distresses the Newark Bishop will vanish.

Exposing George McAneny.

Up to a few months ago GEORGE MCANENY had a pretty fair reputation in this town. He belonged to the City Club, had once been an officer or held a job in the Civil Service Reform Association, and had not been arrested for any serious offence. He served a term as President of Manhattan, and so little impaired was his standing as that term ended that he was elected President of the Aldermen, thus being promoted from two to three vote power in the Board of Estimate.

But close observers of MR. MCANENY have noticed a remarkable softening of his moral fibre lately. Sinister rumors have circulated representing him as somewhat liked by the incidence of the Chinese system, and even ready to believe that in certain circumstances the boss of the job should be allowed to pick out a few of his helpers without the aid of a mask. At first these reports were received contemptuously, but as they persisted and he neglected to deny them, they gained body and substance, until they were generally accepted. Nor was their acceptance a popular error; they were actually based on truth. GEORGE MCANENY, censured and debarred by the vulgar necessity of getting things done, had actually dropped down a round or so on the civil service ladder.

It is plain that MR. MCANENY had too long and arduous a course of mind-bending his own business. He has unhappily lost touch with those whose principal concern is attending to other people's affairs. The sympathy with strict regulations, written examinations, and certificates of competency that once marked him has dried up. He has been meeting too many persons, overcoming too many obstacles, contemplating the machinery from inside the power house too long. The smell of the oil, the hum of the wheels, the stained garments of the laborers have become so familiar to him that they are no longer repulsive. Indeed, some say that he has become practical, and no-body denies it.

At Sea.

To the National Foreign Trade Convention Mr. WILSON made this engaging confession, unrecorded, we believe, by his official biographer, MR. WILLIAM BAYARD HALE, of his strong early seafaring sweep and call, his marine "trend," the sociologists would put it:

"It was only by authority of my parents that I was prevented from going to sea, and I only hope that it is not a universal regret that I did not."

On the contrary, it is the general regret that he forsook the Princeton campus and the red Jersey firm earth for the plains of ocean. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and in his middle age Mr. WILSON is drifting in a dream to and fro on the wine-dark uninvited main whereon parental prudence kept his green timbers from being shivered.

The Family Tub.

A recent decision of the board of health of a New Jersey town condemned the use of the tub for bathing, because many bathers remain in the soiled water after the skin has been cleaned.

It is not surprising that the citizens of the town propose to contest this hypersanitation of its brilliant health board. That they will win the fight there is no doubt, not only upon the ground of justice but even on scientific principles. It is surprising that the sanitarians of that health board are not aware of the fact that sitting in soiled water is not unsanitary, in the sense that any injury to the individual health would arise from this unsanitary proceeding. Some people suffer from that frequent but unclassified disease nosophobia, which means fear of disease. As the thief sees a policeman behind every bush, so do these unhappy creatures look for bacteria, bacilli and poisons with all their dire menace in the food they eat, the water they drink and bathe in. For the peace of mind of these timid folk THE SUN would say that we have it on the best authority that the skin is incapable, so long as it is unbroken, of absorbing any injurious microbe or poison; the New Jersey sanitarians to the contrary notwithstanding.

That for cleansing and refreshing the shower bath is superior to the tub is acknowledged by the experts on bathing. The interior public baths of New York have demonstrated their value in this regard; they are the greatest boon ever devised for the toilers, whose facilities for obtaining the godliness that follows cleanliness are all too rare. These city shower or rain baths, being warm and cold, are automatically cleansing and practically foolproof against contagion or infection.

This is probably the reason for that particular health board's decision. It does not follow, however, that the tub should be dispensed with, much less abolished by a health ordinance.

A literary young lady of Chicago writes to us that she is anxious to ob-

tain the autograph of a prominent Briton now visiting this country, but is embarrassed as to the proper form of address to be employed in communicating with him. She feels that SIR ARTHUR would sound bold, as the gentleman has not been presented to her; that SIR DOYLE is incomplete without the use of "Mr." between the title and the surname, and that to call him Dr. Doyle might wound his sensibilities, which she is naturally anxious not to do. This punctilious lady asks our advice in her predicament. If we were in her place we should immediately consult DR. WATSON.

Spaniards and Americans united for the first time to-day in mourning services for the death of both nations at Fort McKinley—Manila despatch.

It is such manifestations of the sympathetic and magnanimous in human nature that make one wonder why there should be any wars at all.

SIR HENRY SETON-KARR, who gave up his life belt to a fellow passenger on the Empress of Ireland with the appeal, "Go on, man, take it, and I will get an apron," died like a gentleman and a sportsman.

As the Constitutionalists wrest territory from the Federals and advance south toward the city of Mexico, an order government is set up in every large town. Governor CAMARSA seems to have an abundant supply of civilis material. Are not these activities of the "First Chief" a hopeful sign of a peaceful and stable occupation of the city of Mexico when it falls?

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR has the right to make any display of crossgrained folly that he chooses. He is the sole cause of the "interest" of the New York Times. But when he proposes to take 100 boys from 8 to 10 years of age and array them in a malignant demonstration against social order, the S. P. C. C. of Chicago, where the offence is being committed, should interfere.

"Strawberries are cheap." Perhaps they may be on the farm or in the market, but in the city they are no decline. Strawberries may come with the fluctuations of the seasons, but the same old price sticks on forever—unless, indeed, it climbs a peg or two.

THIS FABLE TEACHES.

The Saloon, the Loafers, the Policeman and the Watchful Boss.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Once upon a time a Gang of Corner Loafers at a certain Saloon, becoming emboldened by a Change of Administration, decided that the time was ripe to clean out the Joint. "For," they said, "the Cop on this Beat, while personally dangerous, is somewhat hampered by his lack of arms. His Nightstick and he is allowed to use only blank cartridges."

Thereupon they proceeded to loot the premises. They beat up the Proprietors, smashed the cash register, and having absorbed all the Booze within easy reach they murdered a woman and set fire to the house.

The Police immediately intruded at this point and said to them: "My Boss directs me to say to you, 'Tut, tut.' Really you shouldn't do it, you know."

And the Police, making Ribald Gestures at the worried Cop, certain Respectable Foreign Gentlemen arrived, and saluting the Policeman politely, said to the Rioters: "We have here some trifles we should be pleased to see you for cash. Superior blackjacks, knockout drops, etc., not to speak of perfectly good Guns and ammunition, which you may have at your disposal."

"This is an excellent terms with his Boss, of whom we have made a Variegated Martini."

While they were delivering the goods the Policeman telephoned to Headquarters, concluding, inaudibly, "For the love of Mike, let me at them," to which indiscreet remark Headquarters replied: "Go 'way back and sit down. Watch and wait."

H. W. T. NEW YORK, May 30.

HAPPY MURDERERS.

How Long Before Another Will Spend the Summer in the Mountains?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Now that the summer has begun, the guilty of murdering his teacher because of insanity, how long must he remain in Matteawan before he is permitted to follow his fellow-kidnappers to the mountains and spend his summer vacations on the White Mountains?

If the law or the perversion of defiance thereof permits one Matteawan convict to spend his summer in the mountains, by either prison walls or rules, why should not the same privilege be accorded Giamini, who, even though he is not wealth beyond his means, is a convicted or a murderer than Harry Thaw is?

FRANK A. EGAN. NEW YORK, May 30.

Mr. and Mrs. Mendax.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A person who is addicted to the habit of lying when it suits his purpose is going in the opposite direction from the recognized rule of the social and business world. The liar is never satisfied with anything or anybody in perfect accord with nature, as his object is to reverse the order of things in general and oppose the laws of the universe. He is going "the other way" and must reach his end.

It takes an ingenious person to become an expert liar, that is, one who gets away with it and pleases his victims in the lurch. He abounds in the large cities where opportunity is great.

There are other kinds of liars besides the professional liar, the one who likes to invent stories for the entertainment of friends and who employs gossip and scandal in all the neighbors. There is the liar who is a man of high standing and whose life is a series of happy happenings usually keeps everybody among his acquaintances in hot water until he passes away and is remembered as "one who died with a lie on his lips."

FRANK LUKENS. NEW YORK, May 30.

Congressman Sherwood Has Not Disparaged the State Department.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The statement in commenting on the letter written by Frank B. Shirley of Lakeside, Ohio, that I spoke disparagingly of the State Department in any way is a mistake. I do not remember the contents of the letter written by Mr. Shirley touching the case of Miss Alice Wylie, said to be confined in an insane asylum at Buenos Ayres. I never intimated to any person the contents of the letter, nor cast reflections upon the State Department in any way in connection with this case or any other.

ISAAC R. SHERWOOD. Ninth Ohio District. WASHINGTON, May 29.

The Shower and the Tub.

Noah regarded the shower. "I think the family tub is much healthier than the shower," he cried emphatically. Thereupon he embarked on the Ark.

The Single Thought.

Stella—Were you two souls with but a single thought?

Ben—That was just the trouble; he wanted to stay single.

No Obstacle.

Father—But your fiancée has no business. Daughter—That is a purely psychological lack.

Brief History of an Engagement.

Pop. Poppycock. Poppycock.

A CRISIS IN YERESUN LAND.

How Chief Nostil Averted a Menace to the Yitacucol.

Never was the political genius of the Yeresunians better exhibited than in an incident threatening the very existence of the yitacucol which occurred in the days when Nostil was in power.

For a number of years a few Yeresunians of criminal instincts, neglecting the paramount duties of speech making and meddling had worked with criminal energy and effectiveness on their own concerns, until they had achieved material success to a degree abhorrent to all right thinking members of the yitacucol.

These creatures, dead to every consideration of the public weal, were cut off by the exigencies of their ecclesiastical association with normal Yeresunians and dwell in close intimacy with others of their own malformed and imperfect kind. In the course of years, through the operation of the common dangers to which they were exposed, their intercourse led to the formation of societies among them, known as "snaitoroproc," to which none but those sunk in industry and thrift could gain admission.

The abnormality of the snaitoroproc and of the individuals who composed them at first protected them from attack, the most talkative and meddling some Yeresunians not for a moment believing that such unnatural customs as they fostered could constitute a really serious menace to the yitacucol, which seemed to be constantly growing richer and stronger in flowers of rhetoric and all the other resources that guard and protect the Yeresunians and their institutions.

But some years before Nostil earned the title of Chief, the yitacucol, the wisest man among the Yeresunians recognized that the snaitoroproc were exerting a most unhealthy influence, encouraging economy among the young of the race, rendering barren many tongues that might produce words, and exerting a strong influence against the essential virtue of attending to other folk's affairs.

No sooner had the vicious influence of the snaitoroproc been discovered than the whole conversational power of the Yeresunian people was exerted against them. Resort was had also to the charms known as setatals, reckoned the most powerful known for good known in a yitacucol, many of which were prescribed, with solemn ritualistic incantations and appropriate addresses, against the snaitoroproc.

To the amazement of the Yeresunians the snaitoroproc continued to exist, despite every effort to extirpate them. The "interest" of the New York Times was filled with them.

Nostil was magnificently equipped by nature and experience to attack the snaitoroproc. From his lips splendid words fell, without interruption, on all subjects. He promptly proposed to the Yeresunians a new charm, consisting of a series of setatals, which would absolutely prohibit the existence of snaitoroproc of any kind, for any purpose, at any time in any part of Yeresun. Nostil popularized the famous slogan

"LANOSREP SET LITUC."

which inspired in all good Yeresunians the hope that their jails and prisons would be so judiciously stocked with setatals that they would be adequate to the demands made on them.

The setatals put forth by Nostil commanded the instant lip service of every Yeresunian, except those afflicted with the snaitoroproc, for almost a quarter of an eight hour day. Then a fearful word was passed. It was discovered that not only would these setatals drive out of Yeresun the snaitoroproc composed of defective Yeresunians guilty of minding their own business and occasionally keeping their mouths shut but that they would also endanger many organizations formed and maintained by incessant meddlers and factious conversationalists for the special purpose of discussing and managing the affairs of other Yeresunians, and the people of other nations.

A notably garrulous Yeresunian, Srepmog by name, denounced the setatals, in a wonderful speech, threatening to do great injury to Nostil if he persisted in defending them. Srepmog's speech was powerful and far reaching, and Nostil was disturbed lest it should decrease his own popularity among Yeresunians of the better class.

In this great danger the marvellous ingenuity of the Yeresunian people, finding its highest expression in Nostil, was displayed. After much conversation public and private, he announced that he had changed the setatals so that they should injure only such snaitoroproc as minded their own business and discouraged the art of vocal utterance, while encouraging all snaitoroproc destined to interfere in other people's business, promote speech making, further the practice of meddling and the like.

Nostil amended. Nostil pointed out the setatals could produce votes on the setatals could produce votes on election day.

Thus Nostil averted a great crisis, placated Srepmog, gave a splendid impetus to the calling of the meddlers, and proved once more, as millions of Yeresunians were proud to testify, that no emergency could be too difficult and dangerous to be overcome by a really patriotic and devoted Yeresunian.

On the Brotherhood of Man.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Mr. John Strong in his review of the work of the late John Haynes Holmes, printed in the former issue, says this: "There speaks a man that 'rings true' both as a man and a Christian. He was a powerful man, who has the courage of his convictions, who really believes in the brotherhood of man that Christ taught always and everywhere."

Now, if Mr. Strong means that Christ taught the doctrine of a universal brotherhood of man, he has not read "the book" aright. Christ said to a certain class, "Ye are of your father the devil," and no child of God was the brother of a child of the devil.

F. M. PALMATTER. NEW YORK, May 30.

Were Man Abolished.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The "economic independence of women" is a fallacy.

Now, from the purely material point of view, men could get along without women in this world; that is to say, they could feed and clothe and house themselves. But could women get along without men?

Certainly not. They would perish, for they could not contend with the forces of nature.

Therefore women must always be dependent upon men.

ECONOMIST. NEW YORK, May 29.

Alternating Current Opinion.

Good luck to Villa, may he win! (A badli stepped in vicious sin) George Washington was such as he. (Self-centred rogue, this plain to see) He's full of love for U. S. A. (Detests the Gringos more each day) He's making Bryan play the fool (A savior in his country's need) (With treachery in every deed) (With heart of oak a manly soul) (Unboly graft he's a real goal) An ally should we go to war. (Assassin, cutthroat, drenched with gore) Dictatorship should call him higher. (From frying pan into the fire).

H. B. HARRIS. NEW YORK, May 29.

THE SMALL BUSINESS MAN.

His Reflections Upon the Administration and the New Slavery.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In addressing this communication to you I beg that you will acquit me of the faintest suggestion of personal disrespect to the Administration. I quite understand that serene philosophy, finding expression in respectful silence, is best suited to the atmosphere and temperament of reform, but I trust you will make due allowance for the small business man's impetuosity. While the Administration is disporting in the rainbow tinted mirage of the new freedom, we small business men languish under fetters of the new slavery.

Permit me to record my emphatic protest against a continuance of the so-called trust hearings at this time. Economically the whole programme as thus far disclosed is unscrupulous and in defiance of widespread public disapproval. Some of the proposed legislation does not deserve the dignity of argument. In the language of the "New Yorker," "there ain't no bloody word for it." I was asked to coin a word it would be "demagogy." You will observe this is an affinity of demagoguery and assinine with the connecting link of the two being the business infant. Our perfectly human impulse is to throw her off first and apologize after. As a matter of fact the Administration is not at all equipped in experience to evangelize the business of this nation as we merchants are to codify the revised statutes. Even the president of Princeton University has not the quality of mind to organize or to conduct my little business, and I modestly admit that I have not brains enough to fill his office. The Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court could not earn \$1 a week in my establishment, and it is probable he would object to employing me at any price to write his opinions. This is not intended as disrespect to the university or the bench, it is simply a kindergarten illustration of the obvious. It is quite as impossible for Nebraska to grasp the cosmopolitan necessities of the Empire State as it is for the latter to understand the unique and uncharted theories of Nebraska.

We implore the Administration to let business alone, and to let the business of the nation, eye and to the moral greatness as well, it has ostracized and relegated to that ridiculous pipe dream enclosure known as the "interest" of the Empire State. The quality of its available advisers is plainly discernible in the elaborate code of machine morality which it is preparing for the taxpayers of the nation. We will have none of it. We can continue to worry along on the kind of virtue our mothers used to make.

Of course it cannot be justly claimed that business is the sole cause of the extraordinary conditions prevailing at the moment; but it is an undisputed fact that confidence is the first essential improvement in the economic situation to languish as long as the Washington trust vaudeville is on. Confidence would immediately revive upon the announcement that trust legislation was definitely postponed.

I want it to be distinctly understood that I am working within my party, not against it. My credentials as a Democrat and as a member of the Democratic Party in North Carolina, are just as good as if they bore the great seal of the State of Nebraska. I am working to strengthen the good and stamp out the evil in our party, and am thereby serving the interests of our great leader whether for or against his present viewpoint. I propose to stay in the Democratic party, and there is no one man big enough or strong enough morally or physically to throw me out; and further I do not propose to have a fourth failure rammed down my throat if it can be averted by moral force.

JAMES A. RADCLIFFE. NEW YORK, May 30.

THE TANGO MANIA.

An Observer Wonders at a Prevailing Word Fashion.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Every now and then I read in the papers of a "tango" this or that, usually something wild and woolly, such, for instance, as what befell a "tango party" in the New York City Police Court, or the rendered curious, on what I see, to wit:

I go into a popular restaurant, the band strikes up a one-step. Everybody dances. Again the band, and the time a male and a female couple labor through it.

Cometh another tune, the music—a tango! And, lo! nobody dances. "Excuse me," somebody tells me what a "tango party" is.

J. W. E. NEW YORK, May 30.

The Revival of Horse Racing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: If the crowd of sport lovers, 15,000 of them, who went to Belmont Park on the opening day of the present racing season, are taken of the present racing season, it is a matter of time before the public's interest in the revival of horse racing, then the "sport of kings" is a long